

CHAMBERLAIN'S

VALERIE'S-DAY,

MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN

TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]

CHAMBERLAIN'S

643.9.12.
6
VALENTINE'S DAY,

A

MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN

TWO ACTS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By William Heard.

To love, the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal music floats.

SAVAGE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWDNES, in FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.

VALENTINE'S DAY

MUSICAL DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN



DRURY LANE

To love, the bird sings their ringing throats,
And on each breeze musical notes float.

SAVAGE

LONDON

Printed for T. LOWDERS, 15 Fleet-Street.

INDICATED

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of VALENTINE'S-DAY, desires to acquaint a *British* Audience, before whose awful Tribunal his little Drama is going to appear; that the Encouragement of a young Man, (an humble Candidate in the Musical Department) was his principal Motive for submitting this Trifle to the Protection of an unbiass'd and impartial Public.

To Mr. GARRICK, for his Assent to the Representation, he returns all that the warmest Gratitude can suggest; and to the Performers, his sincere Thanks, for their acceptance of Characters so very inferior to *their* respective Abilities.

Saturday, March 23, 1776.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of VALENTINE'S DAY,
desires to acquaint a BROAD Au-
dience, before a whole world has
seen his little Drama, going to appear,
that the Encouragement of a young Man,
(an humble Candidate in the Medical
Department) was his principal Motive for
submitting this Trifle to the Protection
of an undisciplined and impatient Public.

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LONDON, March 22, 1776.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir VERITAS VISION,	Mr. WALDRON,
Sir ANTHONY ASH,	Mr. BADDELY,
FREDERICK,	Mr. BURKITT,
JEREMY JINGLE,	Mr. BURTON,

FLORELLA,	Miss SHARPE.
PINNER,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
SERVANT.	

Countrymen, Maidens, &c.

SCENE, a Village.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ST. VERITAS VISION, MR. WALDRON,

SIR ANTHONY ASH, MR. BADDELY,

FREDERICK, MR. BURKITT,

JEREMY JINGLE, MR. BURTON,

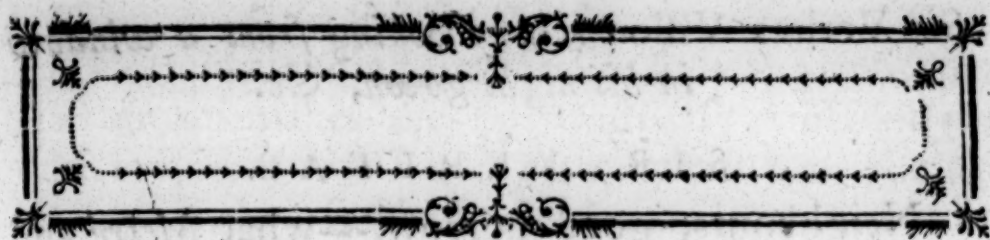
FLORELLA, MRS. SHARPE,

PINNER, MRS. WRIGHTEN,

SERVANT.

Countrymen, Maidens, &c.

SCENE, a Village.



VALENTINE'S DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A court yard before Sir Veritas Vision's House.

Enter Matthew Metre, the parish clerk, and Gregory Gender, the schoolmaster, followed by several neighbours, who play on various rustic instruments, and sing the following chorus.

C H O R U S.

HAIL, Aurora! brightness hail,
Let our rustic lays prevail,
Dispel each mist, thyself display,
Refulgent messenger of day.
May this propitious morn incline,
And bless each sex's Valentine.

B

Sir

*Sir Veritas Vision is seen looking from a window
in his night gown, &c.*

S I R . . V E R I T A S .

Neighbours, good morrow,---what *Metre* and
Gender, I am glad to see you, though at any other
time I should not have thanked you for so early
a *serenade*; but on this occasion I am pleased
with your compliment; and---but hey-day,
where are all my drowsy rascals?

A I R .

Here Harry, and Thomas, and Richard, and Ned,
What the plague an't you tired of laying a bed;
These lazy dull rascals will baulk my design,
Was ever man vex'd with such servants as mine!

The clock has struck seven,

Will you sleep till eleven?

This behaviour is past--- [*Enter servants.*

O---you're come then at last---

How like fools you all stand!

Stay, wait my command!

Ge---run for the tonfor,

Not a word, but begone, Sir,

D'ye hear me, you Ned?

Let the sideboard be spread,

With wines of the best---

'Tis you stand the test;

And Harry my coachman, and Richard come hither,
Adzookers, my heart is as light as a feather.

Adieu to my crosses,

Go---rub down my horses.

How happy am I, in the choice of a son!

And now let me see what's next to be done.

Not-

Notwithstanding matters are so near a crisis, my last dream makes me rather uneasy; methought the favourite tree I had many years ago planted in my garden, suddenly disappeared, and a young one immediately sprung up in its place---But Sir Anthony will soon be here, to remove every doubt, by marrying Florella, and confirming my happiness. Her maid and confidant is too much the *Abigail* to refuse a bribe; I have tried her, and find her as pliable, as the purse-strings of an unprincipled candidate at a general election. Here Pinner. *[Enter Pinner.]*

P I N N E R.

Did you call, Sir?

S I R V E R I T A S.

Is Florella stirring yet?

P I N N E R.

Lord, Sir, she has been up this hour, and is gone to take an airing in the garden, to get her a stomach for a husband.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Well, my faithful Pinner, and how is her appetite? Has she seriously considered what I said last night? Will she return to her duty, and give her hand voluntarily to Sir Anthony?

P I N N E R.

By my persuasions, Sir, she has at last consented; at first indeed, she blamed you for chusing such an old sapless crab-tree---Sapless crab-tree,
says

says I, very pretty indeed! But let me tell you Miss, says, I, an old country sapless crab-tree will stand the weather better than a young elm in St. James's Park.

S I R V E R I T A S.

By the faith of my body well spoken.

P I N N E R.

O, Sir, let me alone for that; then I argued about his money, and *that*, I believe, prevailed; such bags of new guineas, why Mr. Nabob himself is not more richer; and then as to his person, says I, those silver locks do so become his venerable face; why, if he had but a beard of the same length and colour, he'd always put you in mind of the bible, by looking like a *Partrick*, as they call 'um; but here's the bill, Sir.

S I R V E R I T A S.

What bill, child?

P I N N E R.

Why the bill of the music, your worship ordered to-day.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Well, read it, Pinner.

P I N N E R.

By desire of Sir *Weritas Wifion*.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Where was you born, Pinner?

P I N N E R.

In London, Sir.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Aye, I thought so, go on.

P I N N E R.

This being Valentine's day, there will be a consort of Vocal and strumental music at the great room, the sign of the Toad under the Harrow.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Well, well, Pinner, that's enough, be a good girl; and this shall only be an earnest of what's to come [*gives money*] while I am dressing, do you go and prepare Florella for her intended husband---Zounds, is n't a man I force upon her, a good man! a hale man! None of your lathy-backed washy fellows, your maccaronies, as they call 'em.

P I N N E R.

Was I in her place, the thoughts of something, the colour of this, would soon bring me to consent, and as I told her---

A I R.

A I R.

Says I, Ma'am, don't take it in dudgeon,
 But think, O think, of his gold;
 And though he's an aged curmudgeon,
 Yet as I'm a finner,
 And take it from Pinner,
 There's flattery in youth,
 But money's the truth,
 Cold tempers the heat, and heat tempers the cold.
 [Exit.

Manet SIR VERITAS.

Aye, aye, get you gone for as errant a jade
 as ever told a lie, gazed at looking-glasses, or
 flattered vanity. My daughter's consent to this
 match, will insure comfort to my declining age.
 Sir Anthony is my very esteemed friend, and I
 think I may now be perfectly at ease. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Pinner.

Ha, ha, ha, how easy is the old fellow
 taken in, he little thinks Florella is with a more
 agreeable Valentine in the garden; and that we
 are contriving to escape from the clutches of old
 Grizzle---Well, this Frederick is a sweet young
 fellow, and though disguised as a clown, one
 may see all the airs and graces of a gentleman;
 so polite, so generous, he must be a person of
 quality—but what can be his reason for keeping
 it a secret from me? Well, as he pleases, while
 I have

I have something in hand for keeping secrets, they may be as close as they please---Perhaps 'tis Florella's fortune he wants, if so, I fancy he'll be mistaken, not a single penny from old Whimsy, unless indeed he should dream himself into a good humour.

Enter Jeremy Jingle.

J E R R Y.

Why in such haste, thou charming bed-maker: one moment's patience.

P I N N E R.

Patience! and pray, Sir, who are you?

J E R R Y.

My master's gentleman, but your slave; he gave me strict orders to stay at the next village till his return; but curiosity, and the fame of your beauty, Mrs. Pinner—

P I N N E R.

My name too, well, Sir, your master.

J E R R Y.

O no, no, no, Mrs. Pinner, his companion! I was, indeed his servant; but larning, larning, Mrs. Pinner, has made me his equal.

P I N N E R.

As how, Mr. What's-your-name.

JERRY

J E R R Y.

Jeremiah Jingle, at your service.

P I N N E R.

Proceed, Mr. larned Jermiah Jingle.

J E R R Y.

Why I have learned to read, write, lie, and swear, indifferent well, and all these at the university.

P I N N E R.

But how does your master, (I beg your Jingle-ship's pardon) companion I mean, spend *his* time?

J E R R Y.

Why, chiefly in reading the poets; stealing their sweets, which with the hive, like an industrious bee, he has brought to lay at the feet of your fair mistress--In French he reads Talmac and Rowsow; in Italion Malt-statio; in Spanish Sanco-Panco; in Latin Virgil; in Greek Homer's Eylids and Znophon; and in Hebrew, egad I don't know---for there, he begins where I think he should end, at the last leaf.

P I N N E R.

And I suppose you are not without accomplishments, Mr. Jingle?

J E R R Y.

Among the ladies, Mrs. Pinner, among the ladies; for instance, hair-dressing. Why I'll dress your head as big as a chaff-fan; it, it, shall have feathers

feathers enough to unfledge a whole wilderness of foreign birds, and as much wool as was shorn at your last sheep-shearing.

P I N N E R.

Lord a mercy !

J E R R Y.

But here, my sweet girl, here's a Valentine, and of my own composing: I'll read it with your permission, sweet Mrs. Pinner. [*Reads.*

Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
The maid, the lovely maid, was near.
Go---press her close, she shall be thine,
My name to-day is Valentine ;
From maid, my mistress you shall be,
Do but consent to live with me ;
Let love and truth around us shine,
My dear, my pretty Valentine.

P I N N E R.

Well, Mr. Jingle, you are a sweet man; but I must leave you, to assist my mistress and your companion; servant, Mr. Jingle, servant.

[*Exit.*

Manet J E R R Y.

So far, so good. Now could I but contrive to introduce myself to these two unreasonable codgers.

I have it, 'tis ingendered in my brain,
A letter shall insure our future gain.

[*Exit.*
Enter

C

Enter Frederick disguised as a peasant.

F R E D E R I C K.

Thus disguised, I think I can venture to encounter every suspicion; and however criminal my *present* conduct may appear, love must plead my excuse. My father and my Florella's intended husband living in different villages, has proved fortunate, and with the assistance of Sir Anthony's convivial associate, the curate, who has artfully published the banns, I have hopes of being this day the happiest of mankind.

A I R.

Hence, every doubt! away, each fear!
While her blest image lords it here;
The storms of fortune I'll engage,
And strive to calm a father's rage:

The soldier thus, ne'er quits the field,
Till victory has crown'd his shield,
And danger, with his dread alarms,
Adds lustre to Florella's charms.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Draws, and discovers Florella seated in an alcove.

R O N D E A U. F L O R E L L A.

The queen of love, that gentle guest,
Claims her empire o'er this breast,
Chaces prudence from my mind,
And makes me, like her Cupid, blind,

Bids

Bids me seek the hapless youth,
 Whose vows of constancy and truth,
 Convey a painful pleasing smart,
 And charm, alas! my conquer'd heart.

Frederick, like the rose in morn,
 Has every sweet without a thorn;
 All trembling I repeat his name,
 And blush, yet fear to own the flame.

Fair as the break of opening day;
 Mild as the summer's evening ray;
 Soft as the gently falling dew;
 And tender as his vows are true.

Enter Frederick.

F R E D E R I C K.

Can I forbear, when all the feather'd throng,
 Attentive list to my Florella's song.

F L O R E L L A.

Frederick!

F R E D E R I C K.

My charming Florella, how can you doubt
 the sincerity of my intentions? My elopement
 from the university, my disinterested attachment,
 and encreasing affection, all tend to confirm an
 unalterable unabating passion.

A I R.

A I R.

This fruitful soil may barren prove,
 'This garden cease to show its pride;
 The birds this day forget to love,
 The river to obey its tide.
 But fix'd and constant I'll remain,
 With passion warm and true,
 Nor wish more rapture to attain,
 Than what I find in you.

F L O R E L L A.

Though I cannot be insensible of your merit, yet the thoughts of disobedience to my father, on the one hand, change in you on the other, and then Sir Anthony---O, Frederick, forgive suspicion, and pity a heart perhaps too yielding for prudence to authorise, or delicacy to express. But our strict friendship has never admitted affectation to reign where *you* have so long triumphed.

F R E D E R I C K.

So long triumphed ! This is a declaration--

F L O R E L L A.

Indeed, Frederick, you have taken an advantage *I once* thought impossible---I fear my heart has been too pliable---You have painted friendship with the embellishments of *love*---You make the portrait speak reason, expression, and grace ! O, Frederick ! the picture is too flattering.

FRE-

F R E D E R I C K.

Reason, expression, and grace, are all centered in Florella! but I am too well acquainted with her modesty to indulge myself in encomium---besides the time and situation.

A I R.

Mark, with attention and delight,
 Pale Cynthia's rays through fable night,
 Upon her favourite stream :
 Pleas'd let me view Florella's face,
 At every time, in every place,
 My rapture and my theme.
 Let *us* embrace this happy hour,
 'Tis blest by each indulgent power,
 No threat'ning prospect low'rs,
 And hear the warbling linnet's voice,
 'Tis nature sanctifies their choice,
 But charming virtue ours.

F L O R E L L A.

You shake my resolution, Frederick! time and opportunity may now be favourable; but what can I say to my father?

F R E D E R I C K.

O, my love, the rectitude of our conduct, I trust, can never be called in question; or, if it should, the world would then see upon what motives our brightest actions were performed!

F L O R E L L A.

Though I esteem you more than all the world,
your sophistry can never reason me into a con-
tempt of duty and gratitude.

F R E D E R I C K.

But affection, and the urgency of your com-
pliance.

Enter Pinner hastily.

P I N N E R.

Ma'am, ma'am, all's ready. I have procured
from Thomas the key of the garden door, and this
trunk contains whatever will be necessary for our
expedition.

F R E D E R I C K.

My dear Florella, every thing concurs to assist
our design; hesitation, at this critical moment,
would ruin my fondest wishes---and the expected
appearance of my father, my rival---

F L O R E L L A.

Frederick, how shall I determine? Duty, love,
and obedience, are all contending---

P I N N E R.

O, well stay, ma'am; perhaps you like the
old crab, with a voice that sounds all the world
as though it came from the decayed trunk of a
hollow tree.

F L O-

F L O R E L L A.

Hold, Pinner, had you ever been in love, the distinction between duty and affection might not perhaps in you have been considered---or---

P I N N E R.

Yes, yes, ma'am, not so desarted as that neither. I was in love once; for they say, we must all be in love one time or other, young or old---I had a sweetheart, but he was like the rest, deceitful and false hearted.

A I R.

Young Thicket, the farmer, to marry me prest,
The more I refus'd the more he carest;
He told me with pleasure he'd labour through life,
Would Pinner permit him to call her his wife.

He employ'd every art,
To enveigle my heart,
And with a soft tale,
He strove to prevail,
While prudence and love were at variance;
When at last, with surprize,
Were open'd my eyes,
To what has since taught me experience,
But as I lov'd I pity'd him.

F L O R E L L A.

And did he deserve your pity?

P I N N E R.

Yes, ma'am, for my swain got fuddled, lister for a foldier, and left me to pity his rashness.

F L O-

FLORELLA.

Hush, hush, Pinner, fure that was my father's voice.

PINNER.

As I thought! ruined! undone!

Enter Sir Veritas, Matthew Metre, Gregory Gender, and several neighbours.

SIR VERITAS.

Thankee, good master Gender. Master Metre you deserve my thanks; nor shall I forget you at our next vestry-meeting. By the faith of my body, if it had not been for you---odds-bobs, seize em--- here they are, here they are.

FLORELLA.

O, heavens, my father!

PINNER.

As fure as witchcraft.

FREDERICK.

Fear not, my dear Florella. I will protect you, though at the hazard of my life (*Draws.*)

SIR VERITAS.

Put up your steel bar, young man---put it up, I say. Bear witness, neighbours, his naked sword ---what not a pitch-fork to assist me; well then let an old man---

FLO-

(17)

FLORELLA.

Frédéric, forbear, for my sake desist.

FREDERICK.

O, Florella! pardon the impetuosity of a man, whose zeal for your safety, has unhappily made him act the coward!

PINNER to METRE.

Hands off, you psalm-singing drone! Mind your staves! Ecod, if I had a stave, I'd make such a singing in your skull!—

SIR VERITAS.

Hold her fast, neighbour Metre, I'll take care of my charge here; and as for you, Sir—

QUARTETTO.

SIR VERITAS.

Neighbours, take notice, you see how I am treated
By you, my good friends, their project defeated.
If there's justice or law, O, see how I'll trounce
him,
By the faith of my body, and you shall renounce
him.

FLORELLA.

The Hawk thus sees two linnets blest,
Descends to seize the hapless prey,
And while caressing and carest,
He bears the tender mate away.

D

FRE-

F R E D E R I C K.

The tender mate, though left to grieve,
Proves constant to his absent love,
No other object can relieve,
But pines and sickens in the grove.

P I N N E R.

Hush, hush, my good master; before I'm in bed,
Trust the matter to me, I've a trick in my head,
Will chouse 'em e'er night——

F L O R E L L A.

O, rapture!

F R E D E R I C K.

Delight!

S I R V E R I T A S.

Come along, come along, neighbours, take heed.

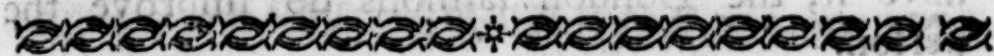
P I N N E R.

As sure as a gun, I think we'll succeed.

F R E D E R I C K A N D F L O R E L L A.

O fortune direct you, assist and protect you.

End of the First Act.



A C T II, S C E N E I.

Sir Veritas Vision, and Sir Anthony Ash, seated at a table, wine, &c.

SIR VERITAS.

COME, come, Sir Anthony, you can drink after your ride; I am sure no man has so much occasion for a drop as I have. Such a chace, Sir Anthony. The undutiful baggage! but I'll bend her stubborn temper. Matrimony, matrimony, Sir Anthony! that's the only straight jacket for a rebellious female!

SIR ANTHONY.

Say you so, why there we differ; call it the clue by which women too often arrive at the summit of power; the breach of duty, the temple of vanity, and the court of impertinence; but she must be like the rest, it would not do else, talking against my age I suppose. To be sure Master Vision, my hair does begin to change! Why, do you know that puppy, my son, at the University, would needs persuade me to give an order to Ralph Race, the rider, to send down some leaden combs from London, to change my hair black: ha, ha, ha, did you ever hear of such a dog, eh?

SIR VERITAS.

And yet, Sir Anthony, my daughter will have it, the London fashions do improve the person.

SIR ANTHONY.

Improve the person! no, no; nothing can improve the person that impairs the constitution; and then as to my hair, 'tis real, 'tis natural, and as much more pleasing to me as the roses that adorn your daughter's cheeks are preferable to those the ladies display in London. She is fond of nature, aye, pure nature, Sir Veritas; and so am I: thus far we are agreed, nor will I change the colour of my hair, or alter the cut of my coat, for as much cash as would pay the national debt. No, no, dream on till old English hospitality shall become fashionable, and then I'll believe you. Let our friendships, Sir Veritas, be as warm as our dress. What! be like a modern *fine gentleman*, the shallow and eccentric contrivance of a court taylor? No, no.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir, a young man, who calls himself Jeremy, begs leave to speak to your lordship.

SIR ANTHONY.

Jeremy, Jeremy, sure it is not my son's man from the University.

SIR VERITAS.

Like enough, like enough; admit him, admit him, by all means admit him.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Jeremy.

SIR ANTHONY.

Well, Jerry, what brings you here, how does my son?

J E R R Y.

My countenance, and this letter will inform you. Hearing of your intended wedding, and judging of the effects of your disorder by his own, he has sent me to tell you he is---

SIR ANTHONY.

What, Mr. impertinence ! disorder---

J E R R Y.

Sir, I ask your pardon ; but as his heart aches now, he fears your head may be troubled hereafter.

SIR VERITAS.

Well, well, what says the letter ?

SIR ANTHONY.

As usual, friend ; want of money, want of money, and as he says health, but I don't believe that. What should ail such a vigorous young dog ? A hundred pounds, Sir Veritas ! and for what ? To whore, drink, and pay off old debts ; but on this day I can refuse him nothing ! Here firrah, take this note, and tell him Sir Veritas prevailed, or I should never have complied. But tell me, is your master studious ?

J E R-

J E R R Y.

Sir, may I never be a serviter if he is not keen enough to be a lawyer, grave enough for a doctor, learned enough for a bishop, and artful enough for a jesuit; but melancholy, melancholy.

S I R A N T H O N Y.

Well said, Jerry! If you speak truth I am the happiest man in the world; tell him he has my blessing, but not a fix-pence more, 'till vacation time.

J E R R Y.

Sir, I shall obey your order.

S I R V E R I T A S.

But come, Sir Anthony, let us go and have a peep at the ungrateful prisoners.

S I R A N T H O N Y.

I attend. Let's have a peep, I have an excellent pair of barnicles here, *pulls out spectacles.*

[*Exit.*

Manet Jerry.

Ha, ha, ha! Well now do I think one half of the world was born to cheat and deceive the other. An hundred pounds! Well, were I knavishly inclined, here's the temptation! Bu.

no, I'll to my master, surprize him with the money, give him an opinion of my skill and address, and then once more for an attack on Mrs. Pinner. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A C H A M B E R.

FLORELLA and PINNER.

FLORELLA.

My doom is now inevitably fixed. Let me banish the illusions of hope, and endeavour to welcome the approaching appearance of wretchedness, that fate or fortune has ordained.

A I R.

As some poor fawn, when zephyrs breath,
Gently salutes the garden's pride ;
From every wind he fancies death,
And quickly runs himself to hide.

And thus, secure from all essays,
The roving turtle flies,
Till some unerring hand conveys
The shaft by which he dies.

P I N N E R.

Deuce take this plaguy lock, I have broke my new Salisbury scissars, and all to no purpose.

F' L O.

FLORELLA.

To no purpose indeed, Pinner, I am Fortune's play-thing, and must submit.

PINNER.

Submit ma'am, what to marry Methusalem? Why, it would be as ridiculous as the owls pairing with the sprightly lark.

FLORELLA.

What can I do, Pinner? To effect an escape is impossible; and admitting it were, unless Frederick was with me, whither could I flee?

PINNER.

Fly! Why into the arms of your lover, or I'm sure he's not the man I took him for!

AIR.

O ma'am never doubt his contrivance,
But trust his address and connivance;

 If he loves you as true
 As I think is your due,
Some scheme he'll invent, I'll engage.

 Let him now do his best,
 Put his love to the test,
And deliver us out of our cage.

Hark, hark, my dear mistress! O hark!
Attend to the voice of the lark.

Let nothing your passion controul

 If Frederick but sighs,
 Each fear quickly flies,
And the morning will banish the owl.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FREDERICK.

A I R.

Fair maid, from your window appear,
A look my torn bosom will chear,
O think on the torture I feel,
And tho' Valentine's morn,
In my breast grows a thorn,
Which you, and you only can heal.

On my bosom your vows are imprest,
Believe what I feel in this breast,
Your image must ever remain.
As the queen of my heart
O deign to impart,
A look that may banish my pain.

FLORELLA.

Hush, hush, am I like my father, always in a dream, or was it the voice of Frederick? It is, it is my Frederick !

P I N N E R.

Hush, hush, not a word for our lives. Stand by, ma'am, I know the method of fixing a rope-ladder. Hand it up, sir. This was an old trick of Tom Thong's, the postilion. Lord, ma'am, did I ever tell you how he lost his life ?

FLORELLA.

A truce to your stories at present : is all ready ?

E

P I N-

P I N N E R.

Aye, ma'am; now you may venture with safety, I'll follow; if you slip, don't mind, I know who'll catch you in his arms. [Exit.

Enter Sir Veritas Vision, and Sir Anthony Asb.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Well, well, Sir Anthony, the lad's a good lad by your account. What, do you intend he shall wait for Tythem's living!---Hey-day, they have been playing tricks with the lock---come walk in. How! flown by the faith of my body—

S I R A N T H O N Y.

By the faith of your body! by the truth of nature, I say, as a couple of wrens thro' a parrot's cage. You fastened the hatches, as the sailors say, but forgot the ports, my old friend, eh.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Why, sure, I'm in a dream?

S I R A N T H O N Y.

In a dream! why you're always a dreaming, I wonder you have not been made a justice of peace as well as church-warden before now; your person is portly enough; and as for your abilities, why, the clerk can make out the mittimus's; and the rest, you know, depend on those who visit us on the circuit; besides abilities are unnecessary *here*. A look of importance,
and

and your gravity, will do as well as a smirk
powder'd sugar-loaf head of hair, a martial brow,
and a commanding tone of voice in London.

A I R.

If ever you're knight of the quorum,
You'll make a good hand of the jorum,
And like the rest seem
Quite lost in a dream,
As if they'd no business before 'em.

Tho' you don't understand
The laws of the land,
The news-papers lay on the table;
With a hem and a haw,
Which is justices law,
Get through it as well as you're able.

When the culprit appears
With penitent tears,
Cross-question, brow-beat him, commit him;
But if he has cash,
Then spare him the lash,
Find a flaw, and directly acquit him.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Psha, psha! it's ill-consistent with friendship
to jest at such a time as this ;---if you have no
regard for her as a wife, I have as a daughter.

S I R A N T H O N Y.

Why, to deal plainly with you, my old friend,
if these are her tricks, I should not be able to
wear the hat on my head; you understand me,
Sir Veritas?

S I R V E R I T A S.

Zounds, Sir Anthony, I can scarce understand myself. Sure I was bewitched to think of a wedding, such a day as this. Why, I remember last Valentine's-Day the girl had as many paper hearts and darts sent her, as would have lighted our pipes for a twelvemonth; but these foolish girls are blotted by those confounded love-verses, and torn to pieces by husbands who—

S I R A N T H O N Y.

Aye, I'll warrant you---why I remember Patty Pulpit, our curate's daughter—

S I R V E R I T A S.

Pissha, d--n your parson's daughter, I must think of some method to recover mine, or---

S I R A N T H O N Y.

Well, well, birds of a feather, at this time of year, you know: but I'll assist you if she's not flown too far.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Come then, I'll try what you're made of

A I R.

Odds life ! with all my boasted care,
Some coxcomb will undo her ;
She's 'scap'd me like a tim'rous hare,
But swiftly I'll pursue her ;
If once in fight,
By honour bright,
She bids my law defiance,

I'll

I'll let her know,
Her friend from foe,
And bring her to compliance.

S C E N E III.

A country church, the bells ringing ; on each side the stage, men and women singers ; several characters come from the church as married, the last couple are Frederic and Florella, as they advance the following chorus.

C H O R U S.

Let every swain with chearful voice
Hail each bridegroom's happy choice :
Joy on this auspicious day,
Hymen crown the nuptial lay,
May his torch still brighter shine,
And light to love each Valentine.

F L O R E L L A.

And yet, Frederick, there seems more real felicity painted in the faces of these rustics than I can at present boast of ; they have no breach of duty to reproach themselves with.

In vain with every art I strove,
To curb my tongue, to hide my love,
To stifle sighs that 'scap'd my heart,
Or ward the power of Cupid's dart.

O would this flutterer cease to beat,
Tranquil a father's frown I'd meet,
Discard each doubt, bid fear adieu,
While bless'd with happiness in you.

Ente

Enter Sir Veritas and Sir Anthony.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Come along, come along! Why you don't give it over yet, do you?

S I R A N T H O N Y.

Give it over! Why I am as tired as our curate's three-legged mare---Come, come, Sir Veritas, moderate your anger, nor let the wind of your resentment blow rough upon a blossom so fair and tender.

S I R V E R I T A S.

Ay, here's a fight, here's a fight! Mend your pace, mend your pace---

S I R A N T H O N Y.

O, rare matrimony! What Billy Barley-Mow are you yoked to? And as I live, Phil Pitchfork, with Kitty Cottage! And here comes--- May I be conjured into the moon, my boy, Frederick---

J E R R Y.

Vacation time, Sir Anthony---

O M N E S.

How!

F L O R E L L A.

My father! support me, Frederick.

O,

P I N N E R.

O, dear ma'am, dont faint in the church yard,
it's ominous !

FREDERICK to SIR ANTHONY.

My father.

S I R A N T H O N Y.

O, you dog, is this your university education?
---Has this been your study?

S I R V E R I T A S.

By the faith of my body, I'm struck speech-
less---Your son!

S I R A N T H O N Y.

As sure as this is your daughter.

FREDERICK to SIR VERITAS.

O, Sir, when you hear the story of my love;
when you are acquainted with the origin and
continuance of our mutual affection, and that
parity of sentiment which has subsisted between
us, I trust you will forgive a passion founded on
the most noble, the most disinterested basis——

S I R V E R I T A S.

Rise, Florella! though you have acted——

S I R A N T H O N Y.

To be sure, Frederick, in this affair you have
out-witted your father; but as I have approved
of your choice for myself, I cannot call your
con-

conduct in question—So, do you hear? make her a good husband, or by——

S I R V E R I T A S.

If he don't, not a shilling of my fortune ; no, no, he shall be doom'd the most pitiful curate that ever mounted a lame horse, or preached to a drowsy congregation. My dream has proved prophetic, and I am now satisfied, that even dreams may sometimes become lessons of morality ; at least, I can say, they are to me at this moment, and to the end of my life will be a consolation, when I reflect, I once endeavoured to counteract the laws of nature, but am now convinced I have acted contrary to her principles.

C H O R U S.

Strike, strike the chords, let mirth go round,
Let all obey the chearful sound,
And from this hour to life's decline,
We'll hail the day of Valentine.

A country dance.

F I N I S.

